

THE DEMOCRAT.

By H. Adams, Publisher.
CAPE GIRARD, MISSOURI.

TO MY PORTRAIT.

Oh little child, soulful eyes of blue
And curls that seem with sunshine woven
And mouth so sweetly sad—I once was
you.
As you, in golden hours that have sped by,
I chased the shadow-clouds beneath the
sky.
And knew to live was sweeter than to die.
As you I tasted first the joy that springs
From ever reaching up to higher things,
And felt the longing aspiration brings.
I then believed that all mankind was good,
And man condemned was man misun-
derstood.
All human-born one loyal brotherhood.
The woman in the child then led the way,
No doubts confronting what she might en-
counter.
To make her all she yearned to be some
day.

What minimum of time do mortals own—
How swiftly by the restless hours have
down.
And, lo! the child to-day a woman grown!
Yet, little child-self, well I know thou art
My gladdest self of me the happiest part;
For this I hold thee close within my heart.

And if the years be many or be few
Yet mine in which I dwell to pursue,
The woman, wiser, leaner, O child, on you!
—Adele T. Stanton, in N. O. Times-Demo-
crat.

"NO GENTLEMEN ALLOWED."

BY CORNELIA WESSON BOYDEN.

ONE day Mrs. Blue-
stocking walked
into her husband's
office with a very
important air.
"At last," said
she, dropping into
a chair, "I have
accomplished one
of the desires of
my heart."

"What! another
new bonnet?" cried Mr. Bluestocking,
whirling about in his revolving chair,
and glancing at his wife's head-gear
with anxious eyes.

"Nonsense, John! Don't be absurd!"
answered his wife a little sharply.
"What I was going to say was that at
last I have joined a club." Mr. Blue-
stocking gave a low whistle.

"I thought you disapproved of clubs,"
said he, slowly.

"So I do, the kind of clubs that men
frequent, where they do nothing but
smoke and play billiards," said his
wife; "but this club is an entirely dif-
ferent affair. It is composed of women
only, and it is devoted to the interests
of literature."

Mr. Bluestocking groaned inwardly.
"May I inquire the name of this won-
derful club, and where it hangs out?"
asked he, with a resigned air.

"It is called the Ideal club, and meets
once a week at the homes of the dif-
ferent members," answered his wife, ig-
noring the slang in her husband's re-
mark; "and, oh, John!" she added,
enthusiastically, "some of the nicest
ladies in town belong to it, and it is so
interesting; and to-day Mrs. Very-
bright read such a delightful paper
on—on—well, really, I can't just re-
member the subject, but it was lovely,
anyway. Then Miss Sweetbrier had a
reading; after which we had current
topics, when each member took a part.
And really, John, it is quite instructive."

"No doubt of it, dear," said Mr. Blue-
stocking, dryly; "so why not admit a
few of the other sex to enjoy its privi-
leges?"

"It isn't the sort of affair you men
would enjoy," said she, assisting the
upliftedness of her sharp little nose;
"and it is extremely refined and ex-
clusive, besides."

"Oh!" said Mr. Bluestocking, rather
blankly. "But aren't there any other
married ladies besides yourself?"

"Of course, John! what a question!"
said his wife, impatiently. "There are
Mrs. Verybright, Mrs. Wisdom, Mrs.
Solid, Mrs. Demure and others. But it
is a purely feminine club, with no gen-
tlemen allowed." And shaking out her
skirts, she rose to depart.

"How about our game of whist with



"WHAT! ANOTHER NEW BONNET?"

"the Browns this evening?" asked Mr.
Bluestocking.

"Oh, John! I couldn't think of it,"
cried his wife, hastily. "I must devote
all my time now to preparing my paper
for our next meeting."

"Very well, Catherine, I can take a
hand with the boys at the Hob-Nob, I
suppose," said John, carelessly. Mrs.
Bluestocking frowned.

"That horrid club!" said she. "Why
can't a man be satisfied to stay at home
with his family?"

"But what is a fellow going to do
while his wife is writing papers for a
female society?" said John, with an
anxious air.

"He might be of some assistance to
her if he would take a little interest

in such matters," answered his wife,
a little severely. "But I must run
along, so good-by till tea time!" and
she tripped daintily down the long
flight of stairs, out into the street. An
odd smile crept around John's mouth
as he turned back to his desk, and, dip-
ping his stub-pen into his ink-well,
he hastily finished his weekly article
for the Globe.

The weeks sped by, and Catherine
Bluestocking's interest and enthusi-
asm in the Ideal club remained un-
abated. She was unfailing in attend-
ance, and devoted to the preparation
of the papers she was called upon to
write. She haunted the public libraries
in search of knowledge, and spent hours
poring over dusty books of reference.
Day by day, and night after night, she
slept over her desk piled with papers,
and scribbled to her heart's content;
while John sat by, smoking his solitary
pipe.

Occasionally, when Catherine had
become so absorbed in her writing as to
be utterly oblivious of his presence,
John would slip away to the Hob-Nob,
and while away an hour with his
friends at a game of whist.

Despite this diversion, however,
John's spirits were steadily failing him,
and one night he walked into the Hob-
nob clubhouse in quite a savage mood.
A half-dozen or more gentlemen were
lounging about the room when he en-
tered, and walking up to them he said,
as he twirled a button of his coat that
was hanging by one thread: "Boys,
have you ever heard of the Ideal club?"

Jim Solid and Sam Verybright looked
at each other and smiled, while Tom
Wisdom threw down his paper with a
loud sigh.

"I should say we had," cried he.
"Don't our wives all belong to it?"
"Mrs. Bluestocking has joined it,
too," said John.

"I concluded so," answered his
friend, glancing significantly at the
loose buttons on John's coat, and pull-
ing down his own sleeve to hide a
frayed cuff.

"She writes papers from morning till
night, and never has a moment's time
to talk to a fellow, or to—sew on
his buttons," cried John, growing red
in the face. "Now, I say something
must be done."

"There must," cried the others in
chorus.

"And I have an idea," continued
John.

"Air it!" cried the chorus.

"Hypnotism," said John, slowly.

The men stared.

"You've all read 'Trilby,' of
course," said John, impatiently. "Now
Svengali hypnotized Trilby and made
her sing, and I propose to hypnotize
Catherine and make her sew."

A burst of laughter greeted this an-
nouncement; but after a little discus-
sion the four gentlemen shook hands
and departed to their several homes,
intent on trying the experiment.

The next evening, as Catherine Blue-
stocking bent over her desk, her hus-
band walked softly into the room. Plac-
ing a pile of buttonless shirts, and
stockings with airy heels and open-
worked toes, on a stand, together with
his wife's workbasket, he moved it close
beside the desk. Fixing his eyes on her
face with an intent gaze, he began
making silent passes before her with
his hands, and presently she looked up.

"What is the matter, John? Are you
ill?" said she, meeting his stern eyes
with a surprised look.

John made no answer, but still glared
at her, and waved his hands wildly.

"How ridiculously you are behaving,
John! What do you mean?" cried Cath-
erine, pushing back her chair and turn-
ing around. As she did so, her eyes fell
on the workstand with its pile of mend-
ing, and quick as a flash the situation
dawned upon her.

Stifling a desire to laugh which nearly
strangled her, she dropped her lids over
her eyes, and looked back in her chair
with a long sigh. Slowly and mecha-
nically she reached out her hand to the
workbasket, and, picking up the little
gold thimble, placed it upon her ink-
stained finger; and John's heart began
to beat fast at the success of his ex-
periment.

A long silence fell upon them, while
Catherine fastened buttons to their
respective places, and swiftly filled up
holes with dainty weaving; while John
sat bolt upright in his chair, not daring
to move his eyes from her face, lest the
spell be broken.

At the next meeting of the Ideal club
it was noticed by the other members
that Catherine Bluestocking, Mary Wis-
dom and Dorothy Verybright each oc-
cupied their hands with sewing of a do-
mestic nature during the exercises;
and for once Mrs. Bluestocking failed
to have her paper ready at the appointed
time.

"Is marriage a failure?" was the sub-
ject of said paper; and those members
who still enjoyed single blessedness
were anxiously looking forward to it,
hoping it might be a guide to future
action.

The Bluestockings were at supper one
evening shortly after this, when John
noticed that his wife was arrayed in a
dainty silk gown of stylish cut and re-
cent make.

"Why so gorgeous, dear?" asked he,
smilingly. "What is the occasion of the
new gown?"

"The Ideal club is to have a social
evening from eight to twelve, at
Mrs. Fondmother's," said Catherine,
complacently. John's face fell visibly.
"Anyone going beside the club?"
asked he.

"Certainly not," answered his wife,
quickly. "It is exclusively a club affair,
gotten up for a little sociability among
ourselves, and to discuss a certain ques-
tion that has been agitating the club for
some time."

"What is the question?" asked John,
inquisitively.

Catherine nibbled thoughtfully at a
bit of meat before answering.

"Is man necessary to woman's happi-
ness?" said she, slowly. The color flew
into John's face, and his eyes twinkled
mischievously.

"Of course you are for the affirma-
tive," said he, softly.

"Not necessarily," answered Cath-
erine, coolly, though she avoided her
husband's eyes as she spoke.

With something of the feeling of hav-
ing received a cold shower bath, John
finished his supper in silence; and a
little later, the two who had been made
one went their separate ways.

The elegant parlors at Mrs. Fond-
mother's were brilliant with gaslight
and fragrant with the scent of flowers.
The Ideal club was there to a woman,
and bright faces and pretty gowns
were grouped about the rooms like gor-
geous bouquets. Swiftly flew the nimble
tongues as the momentous ques-
tions of the day were handled and dis-
cussed with startling freedom. Oddly
enough, however, the principal topic
to be dissected was touched upon but
lightly, and Mrs. Bluestocking, who
seldom failed to air her ideas on all sub-
jects, was strangely silent.

Meanwhile, in the smoking-room of
the Hob-Nob clubhouse, a group of gen-
tlemen were talking earnestly together.
As usual, John Bluestocking held the
floor.

"I tell you, boys, there is no other way
to do," he was saying earnestly. "We
must take them by storm."

"Suppose they won't let us in?" said
Sam Verybright, dubiously.

"Pshaw, man! You know the saying
about faint heart," cried John, scorn-
fully. "So we may as well try it, any-
way."

"All right, John. You take the lead
and we'll follow," cried Tom Wisdom,
excitedly. "Call upon your messenger boys
and send word to some of the fellows
as you can find, and let's hustle or we
won't get there before they break up;"
and with a few more words, the gen-
tlemen dispersed, to meet again an hour or
two later.

Ice cream and cake were being handed
about, and the members of the Ideal
club were growing more sociable and
confidentially inclined as they enjoyed
the refreshing sweets. Dorothy Very-
bright leaned over and whispered to her
friend, Mrs. Bluestocking: "Why so
silent to-night, Catherine?"

A little flush crept up into Catherine's
face as she answered, softly: "To tell
the truth, Dorothy, I can think of noth-
ing this evening but John."

It was Dorothy's turn to color as she
glanced at her friend a little confusedly.



THESE PASSED A STRING OF GENTLEMEN.

"I had a little tiff with Sam to-day about
the club," said she. "The silly fellow
wanted to come with me this evening."

"So did John," whispered Catherine.

At this moment the clang of a bell was
heard through the house. A card was
handed to Mrs. Fondmother, who, ex-
cusing herself to her guests, vanished in-
to the hall. A few minutes later she re-
appeared, her face all aglow with sup-
pressed laughter. After a brief con-
sultation with the president, she address-
ed her assembled guests as follows:

"Ladies of the Ideal club, I have taken
the liberty of admitting to this gather-
ing a few of our mutual friends, who,
while belonging to a club of a different
order, are desirous of joining with us at
our social meetings, and if agreeable to
our members, to aid us in the discussion
of the question before the club this
evening: 'Is Man Necessary to Wom-
an's Happiness?'"

Swinging back the portieres, Mrs.
Fondmother stepped one side, and
through the doorway there passed a
stream of gentlemen in dress suits and
button-hole bouquets, each bearing in
his hand a small nosegay, which he pre-
sented with his most graceful bow, to
the lady of his choice.

The scene which followed can better
be imagined than described. The babel
of tongues, the gay laughter, the witty
jokes made the house ring with merriment;
and it was not until the small
hours that the company dispersed.

By the side of her tall husband, Cath-
erine Bluestocking tripped homeward
in a very contented frame of mind. The
tiny shadow that for a time had clouded
her domestic horizon seemed to have
vanished into thin air, and it was with
much secret satisfaction that she con-
templated the events of the evening,
and made her resolves for the future.
Suddenly John spoke, as if thinking
aloud:

"What a strange thing hypnotism is,
Catherine! I wonder if many people are
possessed of the power to use it?"

Catherine smiled in the darkness.

"Very few, I fancy," said she, dryly;
"and I am fully convinced that there
never was and never will be but one
Svengali."

John bent his head and looked sharply
into her upturned face, and as their
eyes met they both burst into laughter.
At the next meeting of the Ideal club
a unanimous vote was passed that per-
sons of the sterner sex should be admit-
ted to the organization, with this pro-
viso: "That said persons should not be-
long to any other club or society where
ladies were not admitted also."

That the Ideal club soon doubled its
membership it is needless to say, or that
a long list of names were crossed off
from the books of the Hob-Nob club-
house following said event.—Woman's
Journal.

THE MOONSHINER OF FACT.

Vastly Different from the Wild Creatures
Pictured to the Reading Public.
He is neither a bandit nor a highway-
man, a disturber of the peace, nor, in
respect to formalities other than the
revenue statutes, a law-breaker. Least
of all, perhaps, is he a desperado. Within
a month of the present writing, a
traveler on one of the Tennessee rail-
ways entered the smoking car of the
train.

In the rear seat sat an officer in
charge of a "covey" of moonshiners
flushed by him on the mountain the
night before. There were 12 in the
party; they had yielded without resist-
ance to one man; and—most singular
circumstance of all, in the south—the
deputy had not found it necessary to
put them in irons.

At their trial the members of this
party will doubtless plead guilty to a
man, though a little hard swearing
would probably clear half of them;
and those of them who promise amend-
ment will most likely never be again
brought in on the same charge, for the
mountaineer is prone to keep his prom-
ises, amendatory or otherwise.

A venerable judge, in whom judicial
severity is tempered by a generous
mixture of loving kindness and mercy,
and whose humane decisions have made
his name a word to conjure with among
the dwellers in the waste places, tells a
story which emphasizes the promise-
keeping trait in the mountain charac-
ter.

A hardened sinner of the stills, whose
first and second offenses were already
recorded against him, was once again
brought to book by the vigilance of the
revenue men.

As an old offender, who had neither
promised nor repented, it was likely to
go hard with him; and he begged ear-
nestly, not for liberty, but for a com-
mutation of his sentence which would
send him to jail instead of the peniten-
tiary, promising that so long as the
judge remained upon the bench he
would neither make nor meddle with
illicit whisky.

He won his case, and was sent to jail
for a term of 11 months. This was in
summer, and six months later, when
the first snows began to powder the
bleak summits of Chilhowee, the judge
received a letter from the convict. It
was a simple-hearted petition for a
"furlough" of ten days, pathetic and
eloquent in its primitive English and
 quaint misspelling.

Would the good judge let him off for
just ten days? Winter was coming on,
and the wife and children were alone in
the cabin on the mountain, with no one
to make provision for their wants. He
would not overstay the time, and he
would "certain shore" come back and
surrender himself.

His petition was granted, and, true to
his word, the mountaineer returned on
the tenth day, and gave himself up to
the sheriff. He served the remainder
of his sentence, and, after his release,
kept his pledge so long as the judge
remained on the bench. —Lippincott's
Magazine.

MILLIONS IN COUNTERFEIT COIN.

Large Quantities of Spurious Stuff Passed
in New York Daily.

The making and passing of small
counterfeit coins is said to be an in-
dustry almost entirely confined to the
Italians. Indeed, the racial aspect is
one of the most interesting features of
counterfeiting. While the Italian is
content with the small profits resulting
from "shoving" spurious nickels, dimes
and quarters, the American counter-
feiter devotes his talents to producing
bank notes of the larger denominations.
"Sweating" gold is the favorite scheme
of the potent, industrious Russian,
who keeps his large family of children
employed in this slow but sure method
of defrauding the government. To the
ingenious Frenchman we are indebted
for the cunning glass dollar, which has
deceived even the most expert. The
Drovers' crook still depends on the con-
federate bill as a means of turning an
honest penny, and the police reports
would go to show that this old swindle
is not too threadbare to catch its victim.

The Italians have been always the
most persistent "shovers of the queer,"
and, while the individual amounts have
been small, the profits in the aggre-
gate foot up large sums every year.
Probably the greater part of this
spurious coin is passed by the push-
cart men, whose calling gives them
great facilities for getting rid of it with
little danger of detection. The victims
are mostly persons hurrying home-
ward to the ferries at dusk, who stop
to purchase fruit from the carts that
line the gutters of certain streets dur-
ing the rush hours.

If the peddler is disposed to be honest
he can swindle with the greatest ease,
for everything is in his hands. The
customer is in a hurry and self-inter-
ested more than glances at his change.
As it is counted out piece by piece, not
been seen hand he can see that the sum
is correct, but there is no tell-tale ad-
vantage as if the money had been put down
counter. In the dim light, which the
peddler's torch makes more uncertain,
there is little chance to detect the coun-
terfeit coin. Not until he has reached
the ferry does he find out that he has
been swindled, and then it is too late,
for the push-cart men are constantly
on the move.—N. Y. World.

Conscientious About It.

"Edith," called out mamma from the
sitting-room, "are you stirring the
flour into that batter as I showed you
how to do it?"

"Yes, mamma," said the little girl,
"but my arm is getting awfully tired.
Would it unmix it if I stirred it the
other way a little while?"—Chicago
Tribune.

The Real Reason.

Cholly—I always buy my clothes in
Lunnon.

Chappie—So do I. These New York
travels are so much better they can do
one personally.—Truth.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The attendance in the Scottish uni-
versities for the year 1894-95 is thus
stated: Edinburgh, 2,924; Glasgow,
2,903; Aberdeen, 812.

—There are two Chinese girls who
are studying medicine at the Universi-
ty of Michigan. They will return to
China as Christian medical mission-
aries.

A new porch is to be erected at one
of the entrances to Hawarden church
by Mr. Gledstone's son Henry. A
niche above the door will be kept empty
for one or two figures.

—Forty girl students at the State
normal school in Warrensburg, Mo.,
have organized an athletic association.
They are going to devote much atten-
tion to outdoor sports, and will wear
bloomers and sweaters.

—Presbyterian vigor in invective has
not degenerated in Scotland. A Glas-
gow minister, who opposed total ab-
stinence, was described lately in the
pulpit as "a white-chokered blasphemer
engaged in raising a sign post to hell."

—Dr. B. E. Fernow, chief of the di-
vision of forestry in the department of
agriculture, has been appointed
special lecturer on forests and fore-
stry in the school of economics, poli-
tical science and history, in the Uni-
versity of Wisconsin. This course of
lectures will probably be the first one
of the kind to be given in a school of
this character.

—A criminal suit against the lay
rector for neglecting to repair the chan-
cel of the parish church, probably the
first suit of the kind brought in the
present century, was instituted recent-
ly by the church wardens of St. Peter's
church, Derby, in the consistory court.
The gentleman, who draws the tithes
and enjoys the revenues of the church,
pleaded guilty and was condemned to
make the repairs.

—The saloonkeepers of Flint, Mich.,
are considerably alarmed because the
prohibitionists of that place have de-
termined to set up a counter attraction
on Saturday afternoon when the farm-
ers visit town. A church is to be opened
and hot coffee furnished there free of
charge. Smoking will be allowed, and
it is expected that the visitors will
have a general good time—without any
of the usual after effects.

—The professors at the Berlin uni-
versity do not take kindly to the con-
cessions which have been made to wom-
en in allowing them to attend classes,
and it is reported that one, Prof.
Schmidt, of the German literature de-
partment, has petitioned the minister
of public instructions to have his
classes exempt from women. Prof. von
Preitshke, a famous historian, is said to
have actually escorted to the door of
his classroom a daring woman who
came with the intention of joining.

THEATER EGGS.

Variety That Is Still Much in Demand in
Some Sections.

The man with the fur-lined coat
stopped before the principal grocery in
an interior town and casually inquired:
"How are eggs to-day?"

"Well, they're a little high," replied
the grocer.

"Because of a big demand or a small
supply?" asked the man with the fur-
lined coat.

"Small supply," answered the grocer.
"The hens seem to be taking things
easy in this vicinity just now."

The man with the fur-lined coat
nodded his head, as if he approved of
the action of the hens, and then asked:
"Any bad ones?"

"Bad ones?" exclaimed the grocer.

"Yes. Any of the ancient, odorous va-
riety that we all know so well?"

"No, sir, not in this shop," returned
the grocer, emphatically.

"Sure?"

"Sure! Of course I'm sure."

"Do you suppose there are any in
town?" asked the man with the fur-
lined coat, anxiously.

"No, sir. We pride ourselves on our
fresh eggs up in this neck of the woods,
and it wouldn't be safe for anyone to
keep bad ones."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the man
with the fur-lined coat, with evident
relief, as he continued his stroll down
the street.

The grocer looked after him for a
minute, and then a great light sudden-
ly came upon him.

"Say!" he yelled.

"Well?" came back the answer.

"Did you mean eating eggs or theater
eggs?"

"Theater eggs?" exclaimed the man
with the fur-lined coat, stopping short
in his walk.

"Yes. The farmers never bring in
their theater eggs until the afternoon
before the show. I was thinking of
going to see the new play at the
Mershon, where she was kept a
ten-day sentence and \$5 and costs in
the heinous crime of Whispering
church. The crime occurred Sand
night, and the child was arrested
the church door and taken two to
and a half to the home of Cog-
Mershon, where she was kept a
the night. Monday she was taken
Clean Kid got her over, who in put
them on the hands, Saturday she
dipped in naphtha, and upon two
with a clean piece of white. Remove
the gloves and hang them up in
the air. The first steps in renovating
are uninteresting, but must be done
well or the after results will be far from
satisfactory. Silk embroidery may be
cleaned with a camel's-hair brush and
spirits of wine. Prepare to do the task
well or do not commence it. Be care-
ful of explosive cleaning fluids, like
benzene, naphtha or alcohol. Always
air goods after cleaning them in a fluid
of strong odor.—Ladies' Home Jour-
nal.

Would Be Happy.

Old Man Bullion—And are you sure,
my dear, that as my wife you will be
happy?

Miss Youngthing—Oh, perfectly. I
think it's simply heavenly to pay for
things by check.—N. Y. Weekly.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Chicken Cheese.—Two chickens
boiled tender, chopped not too fine, and
seasoned with salt and pepper. Boil
three or four eggs and slice, with which
line a mold and pour in the chicken;
add the liquor they were boiled in. Slice
cold.—Western Rural.

—Baked Macaroni.—Break a quarter
of a pound of macaroni into pieces, put
in a saucepan, cover with water, add a
little salt, and set over the fire to boil
until tender. Drain, and put in a bak-
ing dish. Spread the top with grated
cheese and bits of butter. Dredge with
salt and pepper. Pour over a teacupful
of milk, and set in a very hot oven to
bake brown. Serve in the dish in which
it is baked.—Ladies' Home Companion.

—A Recipe for Mushrooms.—Procure
them quite young, and peel. Put them
in salt water, and stir occasionally.
Remove them and let them dry. Then
put them with a heaping tablespoonful
of butter in a stew pan. Flavor with
pepper, salt and lemon juice; dredge
with flour and let them simmer a little.
Too much cooking makes mushrooms
tough. Beat up the yolks of four eggs,
add a gill of cream, and stir both into
the mushrooms. Have slices of toast
ready, and as soon as thoroughly hot,
pour the mushrooms over them and
serve at once.—Ladies' World.

—Crab Croquettes.—In giving a little
dinner, crab croquettes make an excel-
lent entree. To prepare them take one
pound of crab meat, gently press out
the juice and put it in a bowl with a
tablespoonful of fine crumbs, half a tea-
spoonful of salt, half a salt spoonful of
pepper, a dash of anchovy essence, the
yolks of two eggs and a very little cold
water. If the eggs are enough to make
it the proper consistency bind the in-
gredients together and place on ice un-